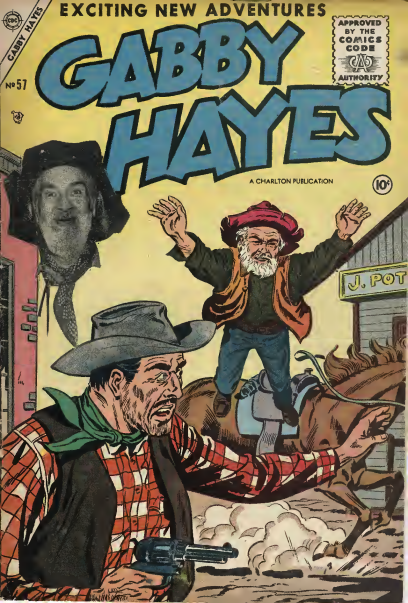


EXCITING NEW ADVENTURES



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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

No 57

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

J. POT

CACTUS



WIDE AWAKE ANSWER

GOSH, I WONDER WHERE
CACTUS BRAIN IS! I HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM THIS
MORNING!



HE COULDN'T BE SLEEPING
THIS LATE! MAYBE HE'S SICK!
I'D BETTER TAKE
A LOOK!



WELL, I'LL BE! HE'S
STILL IN BED!



HEY, CACTUS BRAIN, WAKE UP!
WAKE UP!



I CAN'T!

HUH? YUH CAN'T
WAKE UP!
WHY NOT?



BECAUSE---

--- I'M NOT
ASLEEP!

(GASP) !!!



GARY HAYES

Volume 1, Number 27

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GABBY HAYES

IF YOU HARM A HAIR
OF CORKER'S MANE, I'LL
FLING YOU FROM HERE TO
THE RIO GRANDE!

I'LL STOP THIS
NAG BEFORE HE
TITTLERS ON
US!

is
RIGHT
from the
HORSE'S
MOUTH



THE PROUDEST POSSESSION
OF GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN
OF THE BAR NOTHING
RANCH, IS HIS GREEN
INTELLIGENT HORSE, CORKER!
BUT EVEN GABBY WAS
ASTONISHED ONE DAY
WHEN CORKER STARTED
TALKING...AND TALKING
OUT OF TURN, TOO!

ON A SUNNY SUNDAY, GABBY HAYES RIDES INTO
RAHWIDE TO GAB WITH THE BOYS!



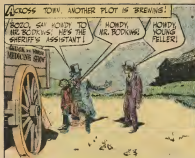
GABBY, RIDING ON PEACEFUL MAIN STREET, IS
UNWARE THAT THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT INSIDE
THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE!



WE COULD CRACK
THIS TIN CAN IN A
SECOND WITH SOUP!

SURE! AND THE NOISE
WOULD HAVE A POSSE ON
US IN TWO SECONDS!
WE'LL TAKE OUR TIME
AND DO IT QUIETLY!

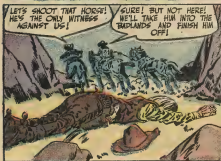
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

FLUSTERED AND ANGRY, GABBY DIES FOR THE NEAREST MOUNT!

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY A THOROUGHBRED HORSE, BUT YOU'LL DO IN A PINCH!



GET GOING, YOU LONG-HORNED WORMINT! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE MY HORSE, CORKER!



SOON, IN THE BADLANDS...

I HEAR HOOF BEATS! MAYBE GABBY IS FOLLOWING US!

HOW COULD HE? WE'VE GOT HIS HORSE!



SHOOT MY PAL CORKER, WOULD YOU? TAKE THAT!



CORKER, I SAVED YOUR LIFE! I HOPE YOU WON'T GO SPREADING ANY MORE WILD GOSSIP ABOUT ME!

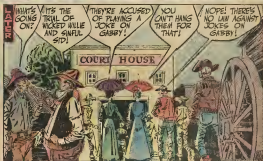
WHINNEE!



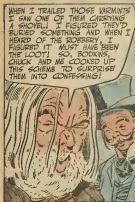
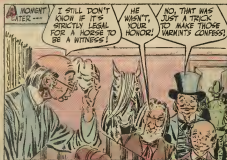
SHERIFF, JAIL THESE TWO WORMINTS! THEY KIDNAPPED MY HORSE JUST BECAUSE HE CAN TALK!



GABBY HAYES

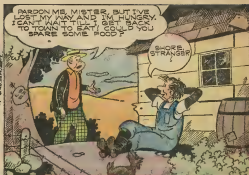


GABBY HAYES





DOG TIRED!



GABBY HAYES

in
**OH!
DOCTOR!**

BUCK, YOU ORNERY
COWBOY! THERE'S NO
HORSE LIVING THAT CAN
GET THE BEST OF GABBY
HAYES! I DARE YOU
TO THROW ME!

HANG ON,
COWBOY!

ATTA
BOY,
GABBY!

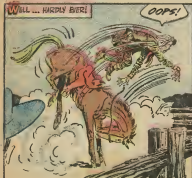
RIDE
HIM,
GABBY!

GABBY HAYES, FEARLESS FORE-
MAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH,
PRIDES HIMSELF ON BEING THE
BEST BRONCO BUSTER NORTH
OF THE SOUTH POLE AND EAST
OF ANYWHERE! NO HORSE CAN
EVER THROW HIM!

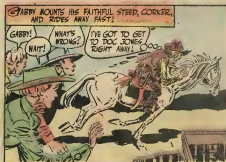
WELL ... HARDLY BEE!

OOPS!

Splooosh!!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

A MOMENT LATER GABBY RECOVERS FROM HIS FRIGHT AND--

GET BACK IN THERE, YOU BONY CRITTER! I GUESS EVERY DOC HAS TO HAVE A SKELETON TO STUDY ANATOMY! BUT THEY SHOULDN'T BE JUMPING OUT AT AN HONEST, LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN LIKE ME!



SUDDENLY--

HEY, HONNRE, ARE YOU THE DOC?



UNABLE TO HEAR, GABBY TRIES TO READ THE MAN'S LIPS!

HE MUST BE ASKING ME IF THIS IS THE DOC'S OFFICE!

YES!

?



THEN COME WITH ME! AND DON'T MOLLER



GABBY CAN'T HEAR, BUT KNOWS THE MEANING OF A GUN!

OH, OH! HE THINKS I'M THE DOC AND WANTS ME TO GO WITH HIM!

DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GO WITH YOU! GET MY MEDICINE SATCHEL OUT OF THAT CLOSET!



I'LL GET IT! BUT DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS OR YOU'RE A DEAD GAMBONES!



YEEE-YOW!



GABBY HAYES



SPOOKS!

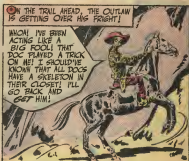
HQ HO! THAT WAS MIGHTY CLEVER OF ME! I KNEW THAT SKELETON WOULD SCARE THAT OUTLAW! ALL OUTLAWS ARE YELLOW!



COME HERE, CORKER! WE'LL TRAIL THAT HOMBRE! I FIGURE ONE OF HIS PALS MUST'VE BEEN ROUNDED IN A GUNFIGHT AND THEY NEED A DOC! I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO THEIR HIDE-OUT AND CAPTURE THE WHOLE GANG!



I CAN'T HEAR HOOF-BEATS OF COURSE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY SIGHT!



ON THE TRAIL AHEAD, THE OUTLAW IS GETTING OVER HIS FRIGHT!

WHOA! I'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE A BIG FOOL! THAT DOC PLAYED A TRICK ON ME! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT ALL DOGS HAVE A SKELETON IN THEIR CLOSET! I'LL GO BACK AND GET HIM!



WHAT LUCK! HERE COMES THE DOC NOW! I'LL JUST USE MY OTHER GUN TO BUSHWHACK HIM!



NO MORE TRICKS! OR I'LL REALLY SHOOT YOU, DOC!

???

GABBY HAYES

THE OUTLAW TAKES GABBY TO THE HIDE-OUT!

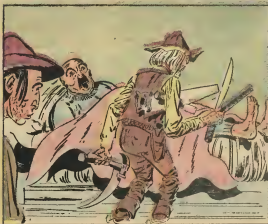
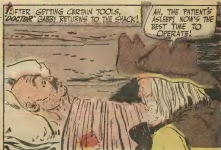


RELUCTANTLY, GABBY ENTERS THE SNACK!




GABBY CAN'T HEAR—BUT HE CAN SEE—AND FEEL THAT GUN!

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES





THE RED BANDANA

By Bill Alexander

THE crowd in front of the Grand Hotel pressed forward excitedly, listening eagerly to the story Charles Baker, the Sage City Overland agent was telling. The men were silent except for an occasional cough or grunt as someone tried to move out of the blistering sun. Not more than five minutes before the stage had pulled into town with Baker as a passenger—bringing with him the exciting news.

"The stage was held up by a single masked robber . . . coming in from Deadwood," the short, nervous agent was saying excitedly.

Cliff Davis, Sage City's young sheriff, stood next to Baker, his brow wrinkled as he pondered every word the agent said.

" . . . and as I was saying . . ." Baker went on, enjoying the role of story teller, "this bandit stopped the stage and made us all jump to the ground. Then he reached up and pulled down a brown leather bag of mine. He didn't waste a minute. Just took the bag and rode off!"

The agent paused to wipe the sweat from his face, then continued in his high thin voice. "The funniest thing about it all is that I was bringing two bags to Sage City—a brown one and this here red bag. The brown one had some gold-dust samples, not worth more than a hundred dollars. The bandit made off with that one, but this red bag holds more than fifty thousand dollars! It's the payroll for the railroad and that hombre never knew I had it! Beat that one!"

The assembled cowhands, prospectors and road workers let up a roar of laughter as Baker finished his story. Especially the railroad workers let up a roar of laughter as wages hadn't been stolen. But there was one unsmiling face in the crowd, the face of Sheriff Davis.

"I'd like to ask you a few questions," Cliff Davis said as the mob started to scatter. "Let's go into the hotel, Mr. Baker."

Still chuckling and perspiring, Baker followed the lean figure of the sheriff into the sparsely furnished lobby. The Overland agent placed the money bag on the counter and asked for his key. The young sheriff waited for Baker to look over his mail. He then drew him to one side.

"I know you must be tired from the trip, Mr. Baker," he said as the two men walked over to an empty corner out of hearing distance. "But there are a couple of things I'd like to know, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, Sheriff," Baker answered, still smiling. "Anything to oblige."

"You don't usually bring in the payroll, do you?"

"No, I don't, Sheriff," Baker answered haltingly. "As a rule it's sent up with a regular employee of the bank in Deadwood. They finished laying the rails around there ahead of schedule. And seeing that I was coming this way I thought it would save a few days if I brought it myself."

"Who knew you were bringing the money?"

"Why . . ." Baker paused, a little nervous, "why I guess the manager of the Deadwood Bank, and John Phillips, the representative of the railroad here in Sage City . . . and I guess, his assistant Folner. That's all. You don't think . . ."

A frown crossed Davis' face. "Yes, Mr. Baker, I do," he spoke quietly. "Whoever held up the stage took that bag of gold dust by mistake. But it was someone who knew about the payroll and aimed to steal it. By luck he took the wrong bag."

"I'm sure you must be joking, Sheriff," Baker replied, the color gone from his face.

"I'm not joking, and I'd advise you to take every precaution while you have that money. Your life might even be in danger. In fact, I think I ought to ride out to the railroad office with you when you take out the money!"

"Nonsense," the agent laughed as he picked up the bag and made for the stairs. "You're letting your imagination get the best of you, Sheriff. I'll take the money out later after I clean up a bit."

Riding hard the young sheriff reached the small camp of railroad shacks in less than an hour. Approaching the main office, he urged his horse over to the foreman and asked where he could find Phillips. Just then a middle-aged man came out.

"My name's Folner, is there anything I can do for you?" he offered. "Mr. Phillips won't be back till later."

Cliff Davis' trained eye sized up the assist-

ant representative. Short and neatly dressed—an Easterner. His hand was soft as Cliff shook it. He was an amiable sort, the kind most city people would call good company.

"Yes, there is," Cliff said. "The Overland stage was held up this morning and your payroll was almost stolen. I'd like a statement from you on what you know about Baker, the fellow who brought the money in."

"Oh! I hadn't heard about the robbery," Folner answered, lifting his eyebrow questioningly. "Well, I guess an inch is as good as a mile as long as the money is safe. When would you like my statement?"

"Now's as good a time as any," the sheriff pointed to a stack of orange paper on the foreman's desk. "You can use one of those yellow sheets there."

"Do you mean these orange supply forms?" Folner queried.

"The light must be bad," Cliff apologized. "I thought they were yellow. Sure, they'll do."

On his way back to town, the young sheriff took Folner's statement from his pocket, gave a chuckle, and tore it into bits. "That puts him in the clear," he said. "Now to see Baker at the hotel, then Phillips."

Cliff Davis pushed back his hat and once again knocked loudly on Baker's door. The hard sound of his fist against the old oak door broke the stillness of the deserted hotel hallway. There was no answer. He tried the door; it was unlocked. Pushing it in he stood frozen at the entrance—startled at what he saw. Baker was laying across the bed, a deep gash in the back of his head! Looking around, he saw the red bag was missing! Whoever robbed the stage didn't make a mistake the second time!

Rushing downstairs, the sheriff shouted to the clerk to send for the doctor, then made for his horse. "I should have stayed with him until he took the money out to the railroad people," he thought as he saddled up his horse. "But I had no proof that the robbery was an inside job. Only a hunch—and the hunch proved right!"

Cliff Davis was already waiting in the railroad office when Phillips arrived. The representative was not surprised at seeing the sheriff.

"I suppose you're here about Mr. Baker?" Phillips asked, lighting up a cigar. "Just heard the news. A terrible thing. I can't hold the men if they don't get paid. What can I do, Sheriff?"

"You can help me find the robber, Phillips," the sheriff answered, pulling a bandana from his hip pocket.

"I'll help any way I can," the large man agreed nervously, his small eyes staring at the sheriff. He was a big man, the direct opposite of his assistant Folner.

"I found this here red bandana next to Baker at the hotel before I came out," Cliff lied. "Have you ever seen it before?"

Phillips relaxed, loosened his tie. "No," he said slowly.

"Do you like this red bandana?"

"What difference does it make whether I like bandanas or not!" the railroad man snapped. "I thought it was your job as sheriff to find out who robbed Baker?"

"I am, Phillips. Just answer my question. Do you like this red bandana?"

"All right!" the railroad man shouted. "I think it's a very pretty red bandana. What other foolish questions do you want answered?"

"Just one more. Where did you hide the money?"

"What do you mean?" Phillips cried, edging toward his top desk drawer. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Cliff drew his gun. The movement halted the frightened representative.

"You're color blind, Phillips," the sheriff charged, choosing his words carefully. "You agreed this bandana was red, but it isn't. It's brown! Anybody could have seen it was brown—except maybe someone who was color blind—maybe the man who stole a brown bag instead of a red one! Confess, Phillips! You went back to Baker's room after the right bag when you discovered your mistake."

Phillips sprang at the sheriff. Caught off-guard the sheriff went down and Phillips on top of him—a sprawling mass of arms and legs. Dazed from the impact Cliff Davis struggled to gain a hold on the bulky agent. His gun crashed to the floor. He felt Phillips' hard fist crash into his jaw as he went reeling backwards. The railroad man plunged for the gun. Jumping up and covering the sheriff, he stood glowering.

"Stand up, so I can kill you, Davis!"

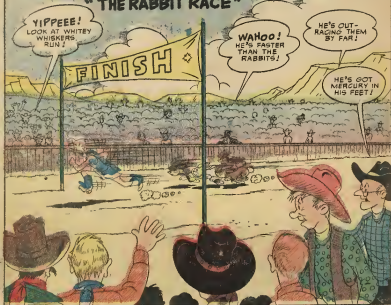
JUST as the agent's finger was closing on the trigger, a train whistle blew. Phillips' head jerked in the direction of the sound. In that moment Cliff Davis swung with all the power of his muscular frame. His fist connected with Phillips' jaw; the impact sent the agent back against the desk. Before he had a chance to regain his balance the young sheriff hit him again. Phillips went down.

Cliff recovered his gun, but there was no need to use it. Phillips was unconscious.

"Thanks," Cliff Davis called to the train whistle in a tired voice. "Phillips' many years as a railroad man made him jump to your call. I never thought I'd trap a lawbreaker by a color—and owe my life to a sound!"

WHITEY WHISKERS

"THE RABBIT RACE"





GABBY HAYES

* I CHASED AFTER THEM

LEAPING
LETTUCE!
LOOK AT THAT
KID RUN!

CRACKLING
CARROTS!
HE'S FASTER
THAN WE ARE!
HE'S CATCHING
UP TO US!

THOSE RABBITS WEREN'T EXAGGERATING!
I WAS TOO FAST FER THEM! I RAN TILL I
CAUGHT UP ALONGSIDE OF THEM

I'VE CAUGHT UP
TUH THEM! NOW
TUH GET ABOUT
MY BUSINESS!

* AS I DREW ALONGSIDE OF THE
RABBITS, I FELT EACH 'ROUND
THE MIDDLE TUH SEE IF HE
WAS FAT ENOUGH

TUH ONE'S
PLUMP
ENOUGH!

AND THAT'S HOW COME
EVERY RABBIT I BROUGHT
TUH THE RESTAURANT
OWNER WAS NICE AND
PLUMP! I TESTED THEM!
AND I WAS ABLE TUH
DO IT ONLY BECUZ I
COULD RUN SO
FAST!

BALONEY!

YOU NEVER
COULD RUN
FAST ENOUGH
TO CATCH
A RABBIT!
YOU'RE
LYING!

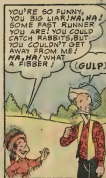
NO I'M NOT!
IT'S THE TRUTH!
AND THE ONLY
REASON I
COULD RUN SO
FAST WAS BECUZ
I PRACTICED SO
MUCH! THAT'S
WHY I'M TELLING
YUH TUH PRACTICE!

GOSH, IF
YOU'RE TELLING
THE TRUTH, MAYBE
I OUGHT TO TRY
TO BECOME FAST,
TOO! HERE, HOLD
MY DOUGHNUT!
I'LL DO SOME
RUNNING RIGHT
NOW!

THAT'S THE
BOY!

HA, HA, MY TRICK
WORKED! THAR HE
GOES! AS SOON AS
HE RUNS FAR ENOUGH
AWAY, I'LL BEAT IT
IN THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION WITH
HIS DOUGHNUT!

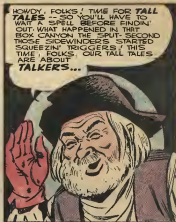
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

GABBY HAYES

in *—* TRAIL of the WHISPERER



GABBY HAYES

CHANGERS ARE MARLIN WOULD STILL BE GOIN' STRONG, IF HE HADN'T WORKED HIS WAY UP NORTH ONCE... AND STARTED STUPEFYIN' A TRAPPER OUT OF A PASSSEL OF SKINS...

FOUR SCORE AND TWENTY YEARS AGO...



A COLD WIND STARTED BLOWIN' JUST THEN, BUT MARLIN WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN HIS SPEECHIFYIN', HE KEPT POURIN' THE WORDS OUT...

FOUR SCORE AND TWO

...AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THOSE WORDS HAD ALL TURNED TO ICE -- AND HE WAS REALLY WRAPPED UP IN HIS SPEECHIFYIN'... AND THE TRAPPER WHO'D COME TO HIS SENSES, TURNED MARLIN OVER TO THE LAW...



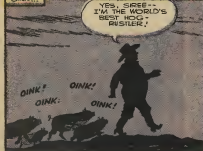
ANOTHER BANNITIAN WHO USED HIS VOICE AGAINST THE LAW, WAS MILE TASS, CHAMPION HOG CHALER OF ULSTER COUNTY. COME NIGHTTIME, MULEY WOULD GET HIMSELF UP NEAR A HOGPEN, AND...

OINK!
OINK!
OINK!



AN' ON HEARIN' HIM, THE HOMESTEADER'S HOGS WOULD CRASH THROUGH EVERYTHING IN THE WAY JUST TO GET CLOSE TO THAT RESOUNDIN' OINK...

YES, SREE--
I'M THE WORLD'S
BEST HOG-
RUSTLER!



GRANCES ARE THAT TASS WOULD STILL BE RUSTLIN' HOGS, IF A TRAVELIN' CIRCUS HADN'T HAPPENED BY ONE NIGHT JUST AS HE WAS GRUNTIN'. THERE WAS A WILD BOAR IN THE CIRCUS ZOO--AND WHEN THAT BOAR HEARD...

OINK!
OINK!



GABBY HAYES

...HE CHEWED HIS WAY CLEAR THROUGH FOUR LAYERS OF STEEL BARS...AND CHANCES ARE, WITH THE LOVE-LIGHT BURNIN' IN HIS EYES, HE'S STILL CHASIN' MULEY...



CAN YOU GUESS WHY THOSE TWO TALES WERE BOTH ABOUT VOICES? YUP--YOU WERE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! 'CAUSE THE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY I'M ABOUT TO REE-LATE... IS THE **TRAIL OF THE WHISPER-ER!**

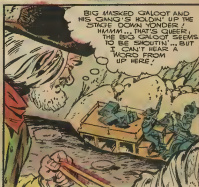


UH-OH... GUNFIRE! SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE!

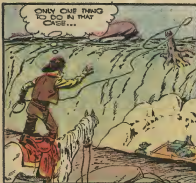
KRAKK!
KRAKK!



BIG MASKED GALLOOT AND HIS GANG'S HOLDIN' UP THE STAGE DOWN YONDER! HAMMM... THAT'S QUEER! THE BIG GALLOOT SEEMS TO BE SHOUTIN'... BUT I CAN'T HEAR A WORD FROM UP HERE!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO IN THAT CASE...



...AND THAT'S TO GO DOWN THERE!



GABBY HAYES

SINCE I'D TAKEN 'EM BY SURPRISE...IT DON'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW SWINGS...



...TO SEND THOSE ROAD AGENTS SKEDADDIN'.



BUT THEN...

WHY IN TARNATION DIDN'T YOU CAPTURE HIM WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE?

ALL I AIMED TO DO WAS BREAK THE PARTY UP, MISTER! I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH!



BUT THAT MASKED WHISPERER HAS BEEN RIDING HERD ON FOLKS HEREABOUTS NOW ONTO FOUR YEARS NOW! HIM AND HIS GANG AND THAT HORSE HISSING VOICE OF HIS...

ENOUGH SAID-- I'LL SET OUT ON HIS TRAIL THIS MINUTE! YOU HAVE MY WORD-- THE WHISPERER'S AS GOOD AS BE-HAD BARS RIGHT NOW!



NOT LONG AFTER...

THERE HE IS, CORKER, RIDIN' OVER THE PRAIRIE ALL BY HIS LONESOME. LET'S HAUL HIM IN, BOY!



BUT IT WAS EASIER SAID THAN DONE! THE WHISPERER WAS RIDIN' A FINE PIECE OF HORSEFLESH -- AND IT TOOK A HALF-DAY OF GALLOPIN' UNDER THE BLAZIN' SUN BEFORE I STARTED TO CLOSE IN...



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

TELL ME, HOW'D YOU EVER FIND OUT, HAYES?

I CHASED YOU FOR HALF A DAY UNDER THE BLAZING SUN--DIDN'T I? YOU WERE HEADIN' RIGHT INTO IT AS IT WAS SETTIN'--AND IT BURNED YOU, LEAVIN' THE MASK OUTLINE CLEAR ON YOUR CHEEKS!



BETTER NOT GET TOO CLOSE... I'VE STILL GOT MY SHOOTIN' IRON!

BUT IT'S EMPTY, HAYES. I EMPTIED IT WHEN I FIRST TOOK YOU INTO THE BUNKHOUSE!



HE'S RIGHT--NOT A BULLET LEFT IN THE CYLINDER... AND THEY'RE STARTIN' TO SQUEEZE TROGERS!



STAND FAST, ALL OF YOU!

THE TOWNSFOLK! H-HOW DID THEY KNOW TO COME HERE?

I'LL TELL YOU HOW, BOOM...



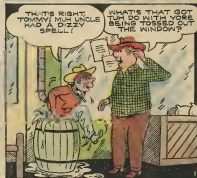
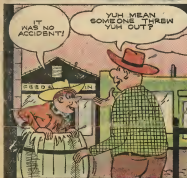
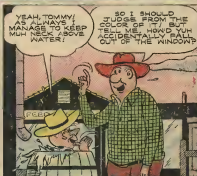
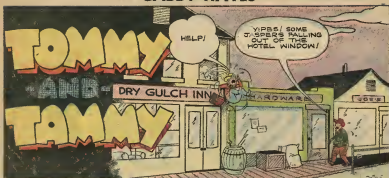
...I SPOTTED YOU FOR WHO YOU WERE RIGHT OFF... BUT I FIGURED IF I WAITED A SPELL YOU'D CALL ON YOUR GANG TO HELP GET ME! AND THEN, AFTER TRICKIN' YOU AT THE BUNKHOUSE, I LED ALL OF YOU INTO THIS BOX CANYON ON PURPOSE! 'CAUSE HAVIN' PASSED THROUGH THIS TERRITORY BEFORE, I KNEW IT TO BE A NATURAL **SOUND BOX**...

...SO IT WAS YOUR OWN BOOMIN' VOICE TELLIN' WHO YOU WERE, MADE EVEN LOUDER BY THE CANYON, BOOM... THAT SERVED TO ROUSE THE TOWNSFOLK--AND BRING THE WHISPER TO THE END OF THE TRAIL!

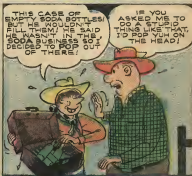
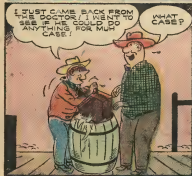
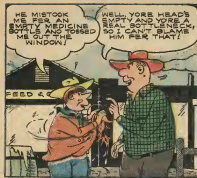


THE END

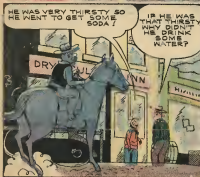
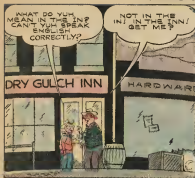




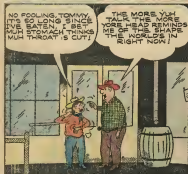
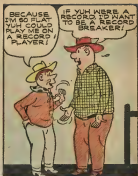
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DIRTY DOINGS



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